

VILTIS

(HOPE)

FAIRHOPE - - - ALABAMA

THIS 'N' THAT

MY SINCERE THANKS

I've been thinking and thinking for properly chosen words to express my sincerest appreciation for the love and care extended to me, a stranger with no kin folk at hand, taken ill and yet cared for and looked after as if I were the only son of well to do folks. Enjoying love and comfort from each and all. It would take many words to say all I want to say. But, perhaps I merely say simply—THANK YOU!

You have all been so wonderful to me that words can hardly express or space can barely suffice all I want to say. Please accept this humble but sincere word of gratitude.

A special "thank you" goes to my Guardian Angel in the form of Mrs. Camilla Bonnell. She was God sent indeed. And as long as this miserable body of mine will breath I shall always remember her and all who came to my assistance.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Ernest Dulinsky	1
Victor Rollo, Bkrs. 1-c	1
P. Sidney Allen	3
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Marian Hudson	11
Sgt. Arthur Thomas	14
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WE MOURN!

Viltis and its readers all join with the nation and the nations of the world mourning the passing of our beloved president. No doubt the greatest that our country has produced as yet, certainly of the same humanitarian qualities as Abraham Lincoln. We, of this generation should consider ourselves fortunate for having lived in this epic-making period of this great man. What a loss his death is to this world! God grant that his hopes, his dreams, his endeavors and his humane policies will be carried on by his successors and universal peace will be established on this earth. For he too died fighting for us and for humanity, a great and a heroic soldier. Requiem Aeternam.

PATRON

This entire issue is sponsored by Hugh E. Jones, Jr. Thanks, Pal!

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OVER HERE

Sgt. Stan Gembica (NWUH) who was with the Base Weather Station over seas for quite a long while, was on an enjoyable furlough home, and as luck would have it, his brother Sgt. Ed. came in from Reno also. He had a grand time! But what he considers the happiest coincident was, when reaching the Lincoln (Neb.) Air Base to meet his closest buddy Mitch Srok, whom he hasn't seen in four years. Well! They just looked at each other and laughed! While coming in to U. S. Stan also met Mitchell's brother Marion. But the meeting of Mitch was quite an event for Stanley. . . Vytautas Ramanauskis, who is an FBI personage with the Navy (C. B.) and who is called on to travel continually all over the U. S., was in Mobile, but Uncle Sam kept him so occupied that he had no minute to spare. Sure regretted missing to see him. Vyts, tho is a native Bostonian, speaks a perfect Lithuanian. He also visited Russia where he attended school (As well as the Lith. U. of Vytautas the Great at Kaunas), and relates, when he used to tell the Russians how people live in the U. S. they thought he was a propagandist. The Russians didn't believe that there is a country in the world where people enjoy the Four Freedoms. Here is hoping that even Russia will some day soon be a good land to live in. . . Our poet Pvt. Gene Wierbach did so well with his "War Information" instruction that they gave him as a bonus three days leave which he took with pleasure and spent it at Ft. Smith, Arkansas. At the home of a dear friend, Mrs. John Fink. . . Pvt. Lester Barder went to a square dance near his camp in N. C. and says he was kept going in circles instead. But he enjoyed it nevertheless. . . Dean Saxton Ph. M. 3-c was home at Plymouth, Mich., to break in the "chestnut mar" for riding condition. The mare, who was a holy terror, tamed down considerably after being handled by the sailor. Perhaps, like all fickle women, she fell for his uniform. Hey, Dean? . . . Marine Joe McCants and brother Sailor Dan, both came in about the same time for their furloughs. Joe came in from N. C. and now expects to go across, while Dan came in from Memphis, Tenn. Dan, who has been an assistant mail clerk, will enter Radio school on his return. Joe has now been in the service for two years. Received his boot training in, San Diego, Mechanics at Norman College, Okla., and spent most of his time at Cherry Point, N. C. Save for one month at the hospital after injuries received to his head. Both sure looked good. . . Speaking of injuries—A few months ago I met a lad, over six feet about 220 lbs., hunk of man, recently discharged after an 8 months hospitalization at San Antonio where he fell off a jeep and suffered such severe injuries that his recovery was doubtful. For many months he was unconscious and suffered a lapse of memory. When he gained his consciousness he had to be retaught even the days of the week and to acquaint him with his kin and surrounding. Tho presently he looks a picture of health, he is facing paralysis that might strike him any time. Yet, this brave soldier, Robert Rouse, does not let this morbid picture dominate his life, and carries himself and his daily tasks with little outward concern and with a happy disposition. That's the boy, Bob! This too is fighting spirit. . . Cpl. Albert Murrell, who joined the Army Air Corps at the age of 17, two years ago, and now a gunner in a Martin Upper Turret, while en route to Fairhope stopped off at his former home at State Line, Miss., and came there at a critical moment. The school he attended presented a play, and in the midst of the presentation, the lights went out of commission. After puttering around and unable to see light, the faculty planned to call off the event, but Al came to their rescue, and lo and behold! There was light! And the play continued. He sure is good! But when he got to Mobile and nature blocked his way by flooding the causeway, pooh, Al was helpless. . . Louis Kohltyn M. M. 3-c is pacing the floors at Port Huemene, Cal., on account Barbara is expecting a bundle from heaven. Take it easy, pal! The stork won't fail. . . It was good to see Claude Arnold, S. 2-c again, looking heavier than his usual self, and beribboned with campaign colors and star for the Normandy invasion. He made a 24 hour stop in Fairhope while enroute to Dallas to bring back his wife and three children. The latest edition, Sharon, being still a stranger to him. . . While I was in New Orleans, I thought I'll look up Marine Sgt. Helen Block and let her date me, but she fooled me. She was furloughing in Chicago then.

OVER THERE

Pfc. Frank Dutt (NWUH) who worked his way through the Art Institute as a sculptor by being janitor there, is now in Hawaii, still retouching skulls (he is a barber). Frank has a few exhibits to his credit and prizes. He is an expert swimmer, and while stationed at Ft. Benning, he was in charge of the pool. . . Fairhopeans were pleasantly surprised and thrilled to hear over the radio on the Army Hour the voice of George Fuller, Organic's own, announce and describe the crossing of the Rhine under Patton, and every Sunday. . . Pfc. Albinas Reneckis (Int. Tse.) is acting as translator for the German prisoners in France. . . Casimir Dryanski (NWUH) who was reported in the last issue as "Missing" was a prisoner of war in Germany and recently liberated by the American forces. Caz is Helen Daneliak's brother-in-law. . . Stanley Lublewski, another Northwestern, is also reported missing. We all sure are praying for his safety. . . Ed Carr, former Organic Instructor, is crossing the sea once again, but this time Europeward, and he seems to be glad

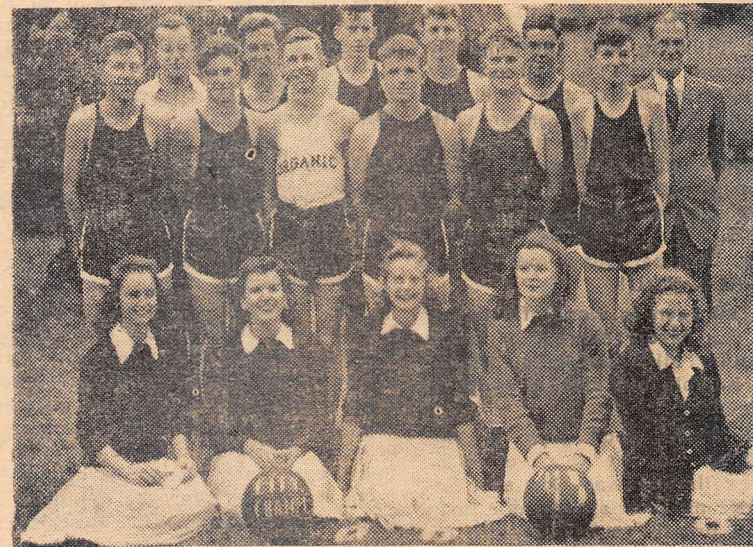
to go. He is a vet of the Aleutians. With Bon Voyage doughnuts and a paper cup of coffee he wobbled up the gang plank to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In" . . . Alvin Charnes is the 2nd one of my cousins to become a captain. Congrats Al. He completed 50 bombing missions about a month ago, and has been captain for two months now. He gave the works from Italian bases and on his way to Chicago. Al's dad is a veteran of the first world war in which he also suffered injuries. . . Pfc. Joseph Jania left for cver seas duty. Good luck, pal. . . After several years across, Victor Rollo, Bkrs. 2-c came in on January 21st. He was stationed at Camp Parks, Cal., and on April 4th he was shipped out again. That is a pity. For he had a very hard time battling and truly deserved an extended stay in the States and the glad company of his loving wife, Norma. But so it goes in this war. Well, here is hoping war will end soon and Vic will be home for good. . . My cousin Fred Charnes, and brother of Capt. Alvin, who is presently in the Marianas as 1st navigator on a B-29, was presented with an Air Medal and an Oak Leaf Cluster, while Eugene, the youngest, is leaving for over seas as a gunner on a Liberator. . . Pfc. Joe Simbal (LYS) who now is on Luzon, is taking up geology. Of all things! He says life in the Philippines is (as a rule) one grand vacation. Here is hoping it continues to be so. . . Sgt. Ralph (Bubba) Havard, nephew of Mr. Roy Moyers, on April 5th completed his 35th mission, and claims it was the easiest of all. No flak—no fighters, and it was short and snappy. He says: "The Krauts are beaten so bad till it's pitiful. . . "Evidently they don't think so, for if they did they would quit." So, "give 'em the works," Bubba. . . . Bill Migon M. M. 1-c (NWUH) was an Inland sailor for over 2 years. Stationed mainly at Urbana (U. of Ill.) plus two weeks in Chicago. He almost came to believe that he'll have to sail through the war and mail (he is a mail man) in Illinois, but to his joy, they just shipped him over to Bremerton, Washington and assigned to a Flat Top. Good luck! Frank Johnson (INT. HSE.) was made captain. Swell!

CHICAGO

Together with the birds 'n bees 'n stuff, Wenetta Grybas Childs also came out from hibernation (that's her wording) and wrote a nice letter blaming her long silence on her poor helpless tot Carol, of 5 months (whom her parents call "Karlina"). Her Al, who is a big shot under Admiral Blandy, participated in the two invasion. Here is her left handed compliment about Viltis "A man wrote to a certain newspaper and said—I think your newspaper is wonderful. Yesterday I lost my wallet and ran an ad in your paper. Today I found my wallet in my blue serge suit." Wenetta, who as an LYS dancer was the toast of the Lith colony, is only a crumb as far as Carol is concerned. (Now we are even and I'm satisfied). . . . Lili Cinskas, who is a secretary at St. Kazimir's cemetery, was present at Charlie Rudauskas' funeral. It was a regular military funeral. The day was beautiful, the crowd extremely large and many floral pieces were sent. Jane

Pat and Lil attended the Wake. Over his Governmentally sealed casket was his picture, looking the way all want to remember him. . . Doris Johnson (wife of Lt. Frank) and Mrs. Payson, both working at the University of Chicago library, have met and are now eating their lunch together. The Paysons hope to move to the dunes as soon as warm weather permits, and I hope to see them before they do. . . My cousin Ernie, with whom I'll be making home this summer, will have many recollections of the 1st Roosevelt campaign way back in 1932. Ernie was then a lad of 12, chubby, cute and dimpled. He acted as a page at the stadium

where the nominations were held and was assigned to the Roosevelts who took quite a liking to him and always brought him home each evening in their limousine with James or Elliott Roosevelt, or Anna their daughter driving him to Lithuania and 34th where we lived then. He also has a great number of autographs not only of the Roosevelts but of many personages, including Will Rogers. Ernest and Anna Boettinger corresponded for many years afterwards, till Ernest grew up and thought he was quite a big boy. The Lithuanian colony, who are all quite pro-Roosevelt, mourns greatly his passing.



FAIRHOPE

The City Champs! Front row—cheerleaders; left to right: Elizabeth S. Sawyer, Eloise Nichols, Joyce Egan, Edna Rockwell, Phyllis Roberts. Second Row: Kenneth Wallace, David Rockwell, Jimmy Rockwell, Tommy Nichols, David Campbell, Billy Joe Goddard. Top Row: Robert Calhoun (sports director), J. D. Stapleton, Dorman Porter, Paul Gaston, George Stimpson and Coach Denny Metzger. The team claims that their coach is the best the Organic has had and sure attribute much of the credit for their gains to his excellent training, as well as their appreciation to him and to Mr. Calhoun, who was quite tireless in his efforts of arranging the games, etc. The Organic Cardinals won 10 games and lost 10. Won 3 out of the 4 games with Fairhope High to win their first city championship since 1939 and advanced to the semi-finals of the District Tournament for the first time in History. Paul Gaston won the place on the mythical all-district team. Tommy Nichols received honorable mention. Dorman Porter and George Stimpson were also outstanding in their playing. The Organic was praised by other teams as the cleanest team and best sports. That they are!

Organic extends their condolence to Mrs. Burton Hoffman, school home mother, upon the death of her mother, Mrs. John McMath, at the ripe age of 89. Death took place on March 30th. Permanent burial will take place after school closes, at Minneapolis, Minn., former home of Mrs. McMath. . . . Mrs. Lillian Totten,

who has been spending the last few months in Glencoe, Ill. (North Shore, Chicago), was delighted with the visit of her two sons, Lt. Ed Totten and F-O Parker Totten. Parker is presently in England. . . Organic and Fairhope High have formed two sets of softball teams, boys and girls, with games being held every Thursday afternoon. . . Jimmy Rockwell is the latest of our Organic lads to leave for the Navy April 11th. He is getting his boot training at Great Lakes, Ill. He sure was one grand lad and we wish him all the luck. Dorman Porter also signed up with the Navy on April 16th. Oh gee, oh gosh! Well, here is hoping the war will end soon. . . Fairhope is full of cute babies (I mean little ones). While walking the avenues one will behold a proud mother pushing a buggy or leading her boy by the hand. For instance, there goes pretty Allie Stapleton Riggs with her bit of Joy—Papa is now in Africa, expects to go to the East. Jean Lowell Bodden with Vernon, Ill. Grace Laraway Urbanek with chubby Roberta. There are oodles of them—and oodles more will be coming up. . . Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, John Harvey and David, witnessed Malcolm get his wings at Napier Field, and then brought him back to Fairhope for a furlough. Malcolm hardly changed, and yet, he looked so "swell". It sure was good to see him. The Philly Folk Festival vets will be interested in learning that Mr. and Mrs. (Gerda) Wm. Hargrave are the proud parents of Peggy Ann, born February 27th. Mazal tov! The Hargraves entertained our group wonderfully.